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CO-OPERATION WITH RESULTS

How This May Be Actually Accomplished.

HARMONY OF ACTION NEEDED

A Wonderful Change of Standards Has Come About Both Among City Officials and Chamber of Commerce Workers Throughout the Country in Recent Years.

It often happens that the line of demarcation between the functions of the city official and the chamber of commerce is not clear. The following is a safe general rule: It is the business of the chamber of commerce to create sentiment, of the city official to enact into ordinance and enforce the ordinances or execute the plan as a result of the sentiment, writes J. E. Suratt, secretary of the Texas Town and City Planning Association, in the Town Development Magazine.

There has been a wonderful change of standards both among city officials and chamber of commerce workers throughout the country, and especially in Texas, during recent years. The city official of today has a broad conception of the obligations that the city owes to its people. Had any of our progressive city executives of today been in office thirty or even fifty years ago and attempted to put through at that time the programs they are now working upon they would have been hailed as Socialists of the rankiest type.

There has also come about a wonderful change in the standards of our commercial organizations. Only ten or fifteen years back the whole and sole duty of the commercial club was that of factory getting. Every commercial club, no matter the size of its town, had as its slogan "More Smoke." No thought was given to the matter of holding or developing the factories or other institutions located within the city, while better living conditions, better housing, better sanitation and better educational facilities or improved moral surroundings for the men and women who worked in the factories were considered wholly without the domain of the chamber of commerce.

Every progressive chamber of commerce worker today realizes that these are fundamentally important tasks for the chamber of commerce. The problems are also of equal importance to the city official. The rule laid down at the outset of this paper, however, can be followed as a guide in determining in all these things how far the chamber of commerce should go and how far the city official.

A few concrete illustrations: The city of Paris, Tex., has become famous throughout the country for its adoption of a city plan, and to Mayor McCusick is justly given the credit for this notable achievement. Yet I have it from Mr. McCusick that the Paris Chamber of Commerce played the very important part of bringing the citizens of Paris around to the point where they not only saw the need of a city plan for Paris, but demanded it of their city officials.

A few years ago the writer was secretary of the progressive little city of Mart, Tex., where sanitary conditions were very bad. The Commercial club spent an entire year conducting an educational campaign, with the final result that Mart is now classed by the state health department as one of the most sanitary towns in the state. At numerous meetings held throughout this campaign the mayor, city health officer and other officials served as members of the Commercial club committees helping to arouse public sentiment. After the sentiment had once been created it was an easy task for the city officials to get the results.

It is true in Sherman; it is true in Dallas; it is true in every other city, large or small—"there is more to be done than all of us will ever get done." When we remember this we can easily divide the tasks between the chamber of commerce and the city government, so as to have no conflict and still get the greatest possible results. My plan has been to let the other fellow handle any job that he wants to handle, unless his handling it is in clear conflict with some pronounced policy of the chamber of commerce. This seldom if ever happens, and by working on this principle the chamber of commerce and city officials can avoid all conflict and still help each other to bring about the best and most lasting results for their city.

Solving the Housing Problem.
In the hope of solving the housing problem, which is a pressing one, the chamber of commerce of St. Joseph, Mo., has induced a \$50,000 corporation being formed by business men of the city. The purpose of the corporation is to build rentable homes and also to offer them for sale to small purchasers. It is estimated that close to 100 new houses will be needed this year to house the workers arriving as a result of industrial expansion.

City Combination.
The cooperative committee of the Falls Cities is the method by which Louisville, Ky.; New Albany, Ind.; and Jeffersonville, Ind., have united forces to promote the commercial and industrial interests of the three cities.

A SHERIFF'S STORY

The Only Life He Took That Troubled Him.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

Jake Rodman was a sheriff in the then territory of Dakota. He had landed some desperadoes alive and dead than any other sheriff, but it must be admitted that by far the larger number were dead when captured, for very few of them could be taken alive. Besides, Rodman didn't take any chances, for an officer of the law was no more immune from these people than was any one else. Once asked him if he had any shrinking at killing one of them or any qualms afterward. He replied that if he had been built that way they would have landed him instead of his landing them.

"But there was one killing," he said, "that has troubled me ever since. I wake up nights some time and get to thinking about it and always feel the same shakin' about the heart. It was this way: "Before I was made sheriff I was working on a ranch owned by a gentleman as had come out from the east. He had been a banker or something like that, but had given up the business to bring his daughter, a little gal about nineteen, who was threatened with consumption, out here, hopin' the air would do her good. Havin' plenty of money, the natural thing for him to do was to buy a ranch and stock it. But he didn't care nothin' about that, except to give him something to do. He was bound up in his daughter Susie. Just as everybody else was. Talk about heart winners, Susie could slaughter more people that way than any one I ever seen. There wasn't any one on the ranch or off'n it that wouldn't swallow a dose o' lead for her.

"I never could tell just what it was about her that had this effect, but I knowed the principal part of it was that her heart went out to everybody. When they were hankerin' to do sumpin' for her she was worryin' because they was hankerin' to do it on their way on her account. Besides, delicate people alius attract strong ones. Susie was so frail she looked as if the first good wind that blew would carry her away. But besides all this there was some'n wakin' about her that no one could reckon on.

"I got ahead of every one else with her this way: I owned a blooded mare that was as easy managed as a kitten and could gallop along like the wind. Natin' Susie liked better'n to ride on horseback, but she wouldn't ride any other horse than my Kate. I used to go with her lots o' times, for her father wouldn't let her go alone and didn't like to have her go under the care of any one else. I was only about ten years older than Susie and was married; but, hays, I'd as soon gallop on makin' love to some gal as come down from heaven! But this didn't matter now, for there was a young gent as had left college to go to ranchin' that Susie had met and tumbled to. In our rides together she got confidential with me and told me all about it; told me when the feller himself didn't know nothin' at all about it. In fact, I was the only pussion as knowed it except the little gal herself.

"This young man, Dick Walcott's ranch was a matter o' fifty miles from ourn, which was known as the Courtney ranch from Susie's father, who owned it. But Walcott used to come over quite frequent, makin' excuses all the time, to see Susie. Gosh, how the young feller was wrapt up in her! He would any time have crawled on the ground before her. She told me she didn't let on she cared any more for him than any one else, because she wasn't strong and healthy and wasn't willing to pull any man down by marryin' him. Just think o' this angel confidin' this to a rough feller like me when nobody else knowed it!

"There was one o' the herdsmen in Mr. Courtney's employ that was a bad egg. He took some sort o' malice agin' young Walcott. I didn't know the reason at first. I just reckoned that Walcott had created him like the galoot he was. This herder, Jim Stiggs, was not only a powerful man, but was one o' the quickest and straightest shots I ever seen. I alius allowed that if I had a dispute with him I wouldn't do much sleepin', but would keep my right eye on him continually till the fracas was settled. I was sorry he'd turned agin' Walcott, for Walcott was no match for him whatever—more of a feller to handle looks than revolvers. Mind you, I wasn't thinkin' of Walcott. I was fearful for Susie, knowin' mighty well that if anything happened to him it would knock her into smithereens.

"Well, one day the secret of Stiggs' dislike came out with a vengeance. Susie came to me all of a-butter and a-wingin' of her hands and said: "Jim Stiggs has left here to go to the Walcott ranch to kill Dick. Stiggs has made love to me—"

"What! That galoot made love to you?" "Yes; and of course I wouldn't ten to it. He has interfered how I feel toward Dick, and he went away saying he would kill Dick this very night. Can't you do something to stop him?" "How long has he been gone?" "Nearly two hours."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" "I didn't think of telling you." "Without another word I ran to the barn and got out Kate, saddled her, mounted and was about to ride away when Susie came by again. She put her arms about Kate's neck and said, 'Kate, dear, take him in time to save him—for my sake—and I'll love you forever!'"

"Not a word more I said. I rode away from her. I galloped on her flanks, and I knowed the excitement of the runnin' to the barn or both had brought on a hemorrhage."

"Don't kill Kate, I heard Susie say, and that was the last, for then I was out o' hearin'."

"I leaned down on the mare's neck, and patted her and said, 'Yer doin' this for Susie, and I know you'll do yer best.' "I reckon she understood, for she jist got down to a steady gallop that she could keep all day and reel off the miles while she was a-doin' it. I knowed Walcott's life depended on my gittin' there as soon as Stiggs, for I didn't reckon Stiggs would give his enemy any advantage. His way was to ride up behind a man, make a show o' givin' him a chance by callin' out to him and shoot him before he could turn."

"Stiggs had got a good start o' me, and he never rode a poor horse. But he didn't know any one was after him. Nevertheless it would be nip and tuck with me to overhaul him. Kate kept her steady gallop till we got within about five miles o' the Walcott ranch, when across the grazin' ground I saw Stiggs ridin' along at a good pace. Then I said to my mare: "Now or never, Kate. Remember what Susie said to you."

"She knowed what I was sayin', and she got over the ground like a greyhound. We was within a mile o' the ranch when, strikin' a soft bit o' ground, the mare stumbled and fell, shootin' me over her head. I tried to pull her up, but it was no use. Her left foreleg was broke."

"I used my own legs the rest of the way. I neared the ranch in time to see Stiggs lettin' down the bars to go in. As I had luck would have it, there was Walcott standin' with his back to Jim, watchin' a man who was puttin' a horse through his paces. I seen Stiggs remount and ride up toward the man in the yard, drawin' his revolver at the same time."

"Before startin', thinkin' there might be occasion for a long range shot, I'd hooked a Winchester to my saddle and brought it from where Kate fell. Stiggs must 'a' been 250 to 300 yards away, and I knew I couldn't hit him at that distance. I took a good aim, fired, and Stiggs tumbled off'n his horse."

"The narrator paused to light a pipe. 'I suppose,' I said, 'this is the killing you referred to that has always troubled you. You excused the man because he acted from love.'"

"Me troubled about killin' Jim Stiggs? Not much. It's another killing that bothers me. As soon as I seen Stiggs drop I went back to Kate. She had saved the man Susie loved, and Susie had told me not to kill her. But there was Kate lyin' on her side with a broken leg. There's but one thing to do with a horse in that condition—shoot him. Kate when she saw me comin' whimmed, and when I reached her there was a mighty sad look in her eyes. She was an intelligent animal and knowed that it was all up with her."

"I put my revolver from its case. Kate glanced at it and at me. If ever a horse said in plain language 'Don't kill Kate,' that horse said it. Or was it because I was searin' the little girl standin' there with the drop of blood on her lip—the death mark—and heard her say it agin'?"

"I scarcely think I'm the kind o' man to be chicken hearted. Least-ways I wouldn't mind killin' a dead-end threat after shootin' it when it looks appearin' like other of its soft eyes, but I showed the white feather at shootin' Kate. And I never could tell whether it was most because I loved Kate or whether I was conscience struck at havin' to go back on the little gal that told me not to kill her. I walked away for a few rods, then turned and come back. When I did that I could 'a' saved her head off. I put the muzzle of my revolver to her head, pulled the trigger and fired. All the while she was lookin' at me as much as to say 'Much obliged.'"

"I walked four miles to a house, borrowed a spade, went back and buried Kate. Then I walked all the way back to the Courtney ranch. I wasn't in a hurry to get there neither. Least-ways I wouldn't 'a' been if it wasn't to tell Susie that the man she loved had been saved. Seemed as if I'd only gone half what she wanted me to do. I had stopped Stiggs from doin' any damage, but I had killed Kate."

"Well, when I got to the ranch I seen sumpin' had happened. Every body was lookin' solemn. They told me Susie had been havin' hemorrhages. They told me, too, that she was waitin' for me to come back and I was to go right up to her as soon as I come. When I went into the room where she was she was gaspin'. I knowed it was all over with her. She asked with her eyes if I'd got there in time. I said right off, 'It's all right.' She looked happy for a minute, then managed to say: "Kate?"

"Then I laid the afflicted lie I ever told in my life."

"She's all right too?" "State died soon after that. "The killing o' Kate is the only one o' my killin's that wears on me. But I don't know exactly what the reason is, whether it's because o' Kate or because o' Susie."

The KITCHEN GUPBOARD

DELICIOUS VEGETABLES.

MUSHROOMS WITH OYSTERS

Roll two cups of mushrooms in their own liquid for one minute, drain and serve with a pinch of salt. If not used at once, simmer these with two ounces of butter for five minutes, season with salt and white pepper; now add the oysters, a gill of their liquor, a gill of thick, hot cream and one teaspoonful of butter, cut in small bits and served in four.

Parsnip Fricassee.—Cut cubes of salt pork until brown, add four raw parsnips, scraped and cut into small pieces; allow one cupful of pork to sixteen parsnips; cover with boiling water and simmer until tender, drain off water and add sliced butter, potatoes and milk to cover. When the boils up season with salt, pepper and a lump of butter. Pour into a dish containing squares of toast to be fried.

Eggplant Fritters.—Cut the pieces two hours in milk; drain and fry, using the following recipe for fritter batter: One cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter cupful of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Sift the ingredients; add the well beaten egg, lemon juice and milk. Beat well.

Rice and Tomato Sauce.—Wash one cupful of rice, cook in boiling water for five minutes, drain, cover with cold water and drain again. Melt one-quarter cupful of butter, add one small onion, finely chopped; then add the rice and cook gently until yellow. Stir in three cupfuls of milk, one cupful of tomato puree, one cupful of green pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and pepper and salt to taste. Cover and cook over boiling water until tender and the liquid absorbed. Better served in molds, fill with the mixture, stand them in a pan of hot water and bake from ten to twelve minutes. Unmold and serve with tomato sauce.

Anna Thompson

The KITCHEN GUPBOARD

WEEK END MENU.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST: Baked Apples With Raisins. Cornmeal Pudding. Creamed Salmon on Toast. Graham Muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON: Beef Collaps. Potato Straws. Whole Wheat Bread. Coffee Jelly. Trifles.

DINNER: Julienne Soup. Haricots of Mutton in Casserole. Escaloped Onions. Canned Sweet Potatoes. Endive Salad. Grape Juice Sherbet.

Seasonable Pastry.

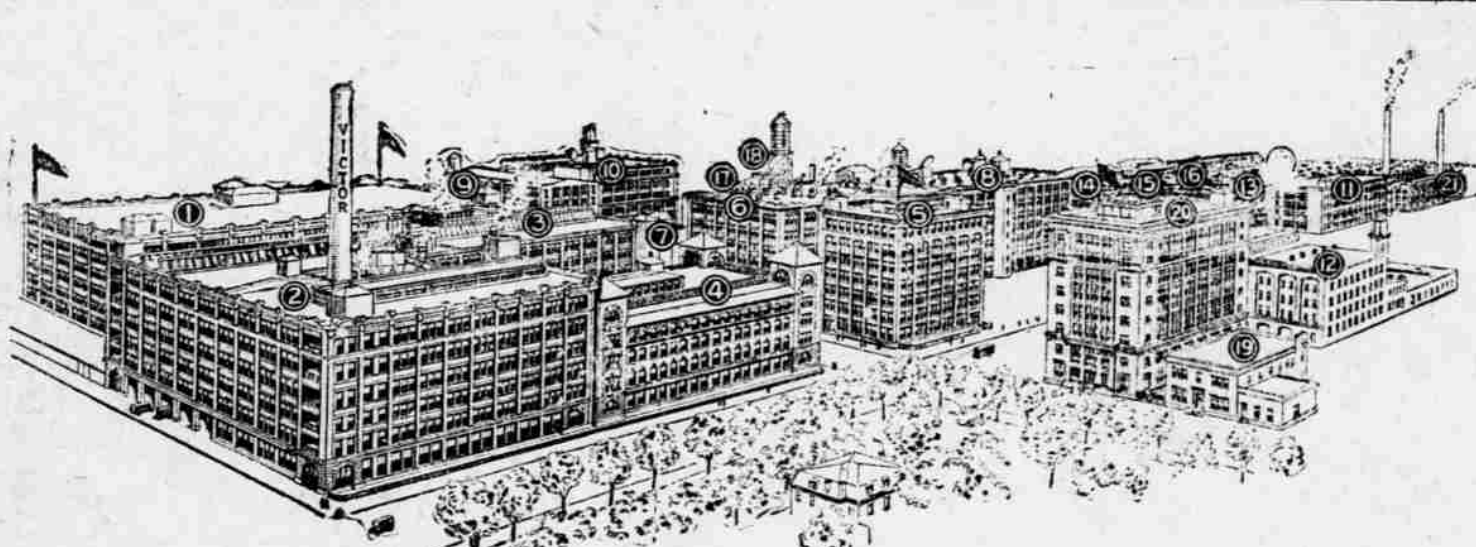
DATE MUFFINS.—One-quarter cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter, one large egg, one cupful milk, a little salt, two cupfuls flour in which two teaspoonfuls baking powder have been sifted, one cupful dates cut up rather fine. Cream the butter, add sugar and eggs beaten, then the milk and flour alternately, the flour and baking powder having been sifted together; beat all thoroughly and lastly add the dates. Bake in a quick oven.

Children's Buns.—Make a soft sponge of one pint of warm milk, half yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water and sifted at once. Let it rise overnight, and in the morning add one-half cupful melted butter, one cupful sugar, one egg, a little salt; flavor with cinnamon, sift in flour enough to make a firm dough, mold into rolls, place in pans, let rise again and bake in a quick oven. These are improved by the addition of a few currants or raisins. When done dampen the tops slightly with sugar.

Cinnamon Rolls.—One pint of dough raised for baking, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of cold water. Put on stove over cold water (all brown breads when put on to steam should be placed over cold water, which is afterward brought to the boiling point and kept constantly boiling until bread is done, steam forty hours and brown over in the oven).

Breakfast Rolls.—Grind one pint of milk; let it cool; half a yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water, one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of white sugar. Sift the flour and yeast and the cooled milk in which the butter and sugar have been put add a pinch of salt. Mix with a spoon in the morning. Allow one hour for the dough to rise (putting in the pans before baking). Roll them like jelly roll and spread the dough with butter before rolling up. Sprinkle lightly with flour and cut out the pieces about three inches high.

Anna Thompson



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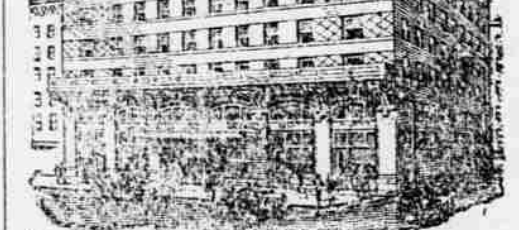
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